

Icp

"Wicked Rappers Delight"

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(feat. Esham)

ICP and Esham wicked rappers delight 2015
Feins of the wicked shit its time to get hot
Bump your fucking shit up for something wicked shit
right
Detroit legendary demon lopatara
Staring you right back through your eyes in the mirror
Blowing out your brains spontaneous combustion
Lyrics like a barrel and cheering out busting
Fire breathing wicked shit melting microphones
Blowing speakers into flames setting fires to your
home

How many times you gonna say I need help
Who gives a fuck if I murder myself
I'm thinking suicidal thoughts I shot a gay preacher
I didn't do my homework so I shot my teacher
I dropped out the next day fuck a g.e.d
Then I went and clowned the industry with ICP
Through up the 313 to let them know it was me
Esham is dope ho I'm the king of the D

I stole a fucking firetruck and drove through a Wendy's
All that happen to me was a bullet in the kidneys
I almost died then but look at me I ride again
Whats really happening reality is pretend
You can blow my fucking head off ill just grow another
My brain and my self we don't even know each other
Someone's in the darkness crawling out of my closet
door
That's what the nines in the mattress for

Warlocks and witches come and learn from the master
The walls of my home feature body's in the plaster
The dead but sticking out like hon solo when he flows
With my favorite weapons hanging off there fingers
and toes
Wicked pimping scary bitches living or dead
All with vampire fangs and they giving me head
Like cemetery girls back dance boogie woogie betty
Her nedens big and blew out like a plate of spaghetti

I'm out cold all my teeth gold
Plus I don't brush them
Quarterback sneaking plus if you rush 'em
Bust em down bust em up steady fucking 'em up
But wait why do I have all this blood on my hands
Blood on my clothes blood on my shoes
I'm on the 10 o'clock news for steady
Murdering crews and their point of views
I'm like purple chronic mixed with ass and demonic
In her stomach full of Jagermeister ready to vomit

Mirror mirror on the wall tell us who the wicked are
Shaggy E and Jay we in the game and getting ours
Hitting stars in their mouth and bumping off with red
necklaces
Wicked reckless nobody expected
Bumping this wicked shit or are you brain dead
I can fly a mutha fucking egg on your head
Break in and tie your fucking feet up to your neck
Shoot you in the back once and kick you down the steps

I blow a crauder in the side of your head
Do the same to your missis while you sleeping in bed
Double murder robbery just another job to me
Rollin in a stolen Buick hookers slobbering me
Known though the farms lands as a duke of the wicked
Always shooting the bigots and booting the chickens
Asking me the wrong question also triggers my
disease
They will find your body in Compton in and your head in
Hallows, Queens.

The phone rang and on the other end it was the
president
I can't talk right now I'm on the toilet taking a shit
I groped the phone I think my cover is blown I'm deep
cover
Your wife ordered a pizza from me she got the meat
lovers
I'm Johnny bravo the other black get at me ho
I make these hos happy tho 'cause I'm there pappy oh
It's too soon for you to be on my team
But give R Kelly a call I think like 'em 13

I once met a hooker and she did it for free
On the west first bus number 73
All the way in the back she was humping on me
Until I strangled the bitch and stuffed her under my
seat
I got off on my stop without as much as a drop of blood

But then I remember I forgot to wear gloves
Now I'm chasing the bus my finger prints are on her
neck
STOP! AND GIMME MY DEAD BITCH BACK!

Fucking dead bitches on a wegie board all night
Busting off shots in the club we all fight
Hanging muther fuckers my there neck off of street
lites
With there legs cut off trying to read me rights
I wear my CD I'll stick it in your face
Half way sticken out but look it still plays
I stomp when I rap and I shake the whole block
Stick my dick in your ear so you can hear what I got

I was one of those monsters in the video thriller
Known to the world as the pop star killer
And on another part from the part I arose
I'm the crusty ass booger hanging out of your nose
I'm the stink on your toes I'm the weed to your rose
Not one of your friends but one of your foes
And spitting the wicked shit is the life I chose
Do a spin grab my nuts then b boy pose

Chain you up for some tic tacs bloody mess
We the board on your chest and take turns shooting the
rest
I win everytime the beat is good with every rhyme
And off with your head if your getting mine
This is esham and the wicked clowns for the vote
We come flying out the dark with a triple moonsault
I through a snowball so hard it replaced your eye
It melted and left a fucking hole and it was dry

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